Official WRESTLING

AUGUST, 1951

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LOU THESZ

DA GROSA

GOLDEN DOZEN



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Our cover, made by Alan Fontaine, famous color photographer, shows Jack Dempsey having a tough time rescuing Carol Cook, left, from Mae Weston's "Adam's Apple" hold.

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Official WRESTLING

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Editorial by Gene Tunney



Gene Tunney

At a Town Hall Meeting of the Air at Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York, I was asked to join the panel in a discussion of "media of communications to the hearts and minds of men." Of course, many media were discussed, each member of the panel taking his special one. There was a college president, the deputy general director of the U.N., a radio man, a businessman, a college instructor of arts and myself. Each took his own medium and tried to prove it the most direct method of communicating to the hearts and minds of people throughout the world. I naturally took sports as mine and said:

"It wasn't until people began to communicate with one another that our civilization began. The Olympic Games, in olden times, were perhaps the original source of communication among peoples—the vehicle which first brought a better understanding among the different nations. But ever since the dawn of civilization, athletic sports have been the medium through which friendly relations have been established. This was recognized by our forbears, and historians tell us that the Olympic Games were inaugurated as a means of bringing together in peaceful unity and friendly rivalry the warring tribes of ancient Greece.

"When the Olympics were originated in 776 B.C., the sports contests consisted of only four or five different events, such as foot-racing, discus and javelin throwing, wrestling and jumping.

"Foot-racing and wrestling were the principal sports, and a victor in the latter was accorded high honors. He returned to his home preceded by a triumphal procession, and entered his city through a hole in the city's wall. This hole was cut especially for his entrance; the idea being that, possessing an athlete of such prowess, the inhabitants need have no further fear of harm from enemies, and a solid wall was unnecessary protection.

"Early this year I attended the Pan-American Games in Buenos Aires with Col. Eddie Eagan, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. Practically all nations of this hemisphere were represented. Colonel Eagan can speak Spanish; I cannot. But that didn't prevent me from thoroughly enjoying the contests, along with the other spectators. We were in complete accord in expressing our approval of the performances.

"I read an Associated Press dispatch that Russia's request for permission to participate in the international Olympic Games to be held next year in Oslo and Helsinki, has been granted. Russia agreed in writing to abide by the Olympic Rules, which include the promise to bring together the youth of the world without regard to race, religion or politics.

"The president of the Russian Olympic Committee gave assurance of sincere and strong cooperation with the IOC; that he was sure of a strong feeling of friendship on the part of the Russian Committee with the Olympic movement and with the peace of the world.

"Today, friendly communication among peoples of the world is more important than ever. One of our great troubles has been that certain nations shut out communication with others, thus keeping their people ignorant and under false impressions.

"Friendly communication among nations is necessary to regenerate our civilization. It is essential for the salvation and peace of the world.

"International athletic games, such as the Olympics, have tended through the centuries to foster understanding and friendship among nations. They have been constructive weapons, rather than destructive. They say history repeats itself; perhaps the Olympic Games may prove a more potent factor in establishing world peace than the threat of the atomic bomb! It is not impossible."

Dempsey Thumbs Down on Women Referees

Manassa Mauler says women wrestlers would not respect female arbiter; sees three-way hassles to get in last word

By Lou Thesz

Most male professional wrestlers resent the intrusion of women into the field of what men feel is their exclusive sport. I must confess that I'm in sympathy with the majority. But now that the girls are in it, the question rises, should there be women referees to officiate at bouts between lady grapplers?

There are two schools of thought on this, and here again the negative side leads by a mile. Milo Steinborn, the noted promoter, is about the most prominent supporter of the woman arbiter, and some of the girl wrestlers themselves are mildly in favor, too. Milo believes it would be "all right" to have women officiate, "but then," he adds naively, "there are no women outstanding for the job."

Well, now, like the druggist in the Gildersleeve radio program, I wouldn't go so far as to say that. I read recently about a demure lady of 70-plus, who always expressed a disdain for wrestling, yet every night she sat through the matches on her television, explaining she couldn't sleep if she retired too early. One night a hoodlum broke into the house by way of Grandma's window, but tripped over a footstool and fell. Before he could get up, Grandma had grabbed him by the leg and twisted it around the bedpost and held it firmly while she yelled lustily for help. Afterward she explained airily: "Oh, I just took him with a step-over toe hold."

Now, *there's* a woman who might qualify as a referee; but you can see that her kind doesn't come a dime a dozen!

Milo Steinborn also observes that it would require an "extra" referee where the women appear on regular shows, composed mostly of men wrestlers. The "extra" of course, being the female ref. He further points out that the women matches pose a ticklish situation for the male referee, as the latter necessarily is squeamish about "handling" the female contestants in breaking them from illegal holds, etc.

The girls themselves don't seem to have any great desire for women officials, and those who do are lukewarm in their opinions. Carol Cook, for instance—who, by the way, is pretty much her own referee once she gets in the ring—says she'd be for a woman official, provided Carol was allowed to name her. In which case she'd have her own mother as referee.

"After all," says Carol, "if a guy like Milton Berle can have his Ma lead the claque for him at his shows, why shouldn't I have mine in there to give *me* the breaks? Women are so biased!"

So much for the minority. Now let's look at the other side of the question:

Jack Dempsey, a competent referee, who certainly should know whereof he speaks, is decidedly against women as referees. "I'm a firm believer in women's rights," said Jack in his Broadway restaurant recently, "and must admit that in this age there are few jobs intelligent women are not competent to fill. But I am equally firm in the belief that refereeing wrestling contests is one of them. In the first place, women are inherently prone to pay more heed to a man in obeying orders.

"As a matter of fact, that word 'obey' is in the marriage contract, or shall we say ceremony, and it is always the woman who has to agree to obey the man, not vice versa.

Lilly Bitter, left, and Millie Stafford give Dempsey plenty of attention as he reads the riot act to them



Dempsey

"Also, women are notorious for wanting to have the last word, and they usually get it. Now, that might be argued as a point in favor of them as referees, but in wrestling you'd have THREE women, and with ALL of them striving to get in that last word, the match might well wind up in a hassle that would make an umpire's job in a baseball rhubarb look like a pink tea.

"Wrestling as a spectator sport is staging a great comeback, there's no gainsaying that. There's also no doubt that some bouts have verged on the ridiculous with some of the contestants staging too much clowning. This has been encouraged by television shows. But more and more I find that cash customers prefer good, fast, clean wrestling, with one or perhaps a couple of the 'ham' acts spotted in between. These are O. K. when staged by grapplers who really know how to wrestle, but they can be carried too far.

"It's my opinion that women referees for the bouts between girls wouldn't enhance the game at all. Understand, I'm not turning thumbs down on lady wrestling. All the girls I've met or seen are fine women, and most of them put on real good and exciting matches.

"The crowds seem to like them, for the most part, and I don't know any promoter who has come out definitely against them. But, although the promoters advise me that 43 states allow bouts between women wrestlers, they are banned in a few states, notably New York and Connecticut. But then, so is liquor banned in some of our states."

Women wrestling promoters, on the other hand, are a horse of a different color. No offense meant. I'm not comparing women to horses, far be it from me. Notable examples, and the only two I know of, are Florence Turner, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Ernestine Murtaugh, of New Orleans. And admittedly, they do a fine job.

But to stick to my subject, which has to do with whether we should have women referees for lady wrestling bouts; in my humble opinion, I doubt that the various State Athletic Commissions, even where these bouts are permitted, would issue women referee licenses.

To sum up, there's no demand for them—yet!

There's no use denying that there is a certain amount of—shall we say "jealousy"?—in the attitude of some male wrestlers toward the advent of women into the game. This is quite natural, and is always the case not only in wrestling, but in any business or profession when the distaff side starts to encroach as rival attractions. Remember the obstacles placed against Woman Suffrage back in the old days, when women's place really was in the home?

The day is coming, however—perhaps is already here—when women wrestlers will be universally welcomed into the sport, both by spectators and participants. I must admit that so far, the women wrestlers have conducted themselves in a not objectionable manner. They give a good performance, and many of them have become real experts in the science of wrestling.

Some of the girls have put on battles so exciting and enthusiastic, yes, even rough, that they bore out the old saying that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

But they do not indulge in as much "hamming" as some of the bouts between the males, as a rule.

One might expect that the girls would be so afraid of having their beauty marred by rough tactics they would be timid; but that doesn't seem to be the case. Indeed, it's the beauties who are the "desperadoes" among the female grapplers. And the fact is they do sustain injuries.

There's one thing the girls have to do which the men wrestlers don't have to worry about. The femmes have to get themselves dolled up by the beauticians regularly every week, just like women in any other business or profession.

In fact, in their street regalia, you'd have a hard time picking some of our gal wrestlers out of a bunch of society debutantes!

Maybe the girls will have as much appeal for the men spectators as some of the masculine stars have for the women customers.

And that's only natural, too!



Looks like Jack is in the middle here playing peek-a-boo as Carol Cook, right, clamps a "sleeper" hold on Mae Weston

"Lift tax on sports:" John DaGrosa

"Don't use the power to tax as a power to destroy," cautions "Ox"

"The Federal tax on admission to sports events threatens healthful athletic competition, and incidentally the mental and physical health of the nation —and should be repealed," warns John "Ox" DaGrosa, famous athlete, author, coach, lecturer and Pennsylvania State Athletic Commissioner. "For more than 20 years our people have been beset by difficult problems, and for more than a decade they have been facing one disaster after another. They are longing for relaxation and a 'good time' now and then."

"Most of our working people get their relaxation attending sports events; this takes their minds off their worries, furnishes the pleasure, entertainment and excitement that tones up the nervous system, stimulates the heart and peps them up to withstand the strain of living. The heavy Federal tax on admissions to sports like football, baseball, wrestling, boxing, etc., is borne by the public. This is being reflected in the attendance, which is falling off considerably. With the high cost of living today, people can less afford the 'luxury' of relaxing amusements.

The large brown eyes of "Ox" DaGrosa flashed as he warmed to his subject: "We have the highest standard of living. We lead the world in that respect. BUT, we also lead the world in the number of mental institutions. Why?

"Because of the nervous strain of living—the tension of present day life, which is racing along at breakneck speed. The machine age was calculated to give man more leisure time in which to enjoy life, but it is having the reverse effect.

"A couple of hundred years ago, our forefathers lived closer to the soil and nearer to God. In those days, 97 out of every 100 men lived and worked on farms, and they were rugged individuals. Today less than 17 out of every 100 work on the farm In the ante-machine age men worked from sunup till sundown, and they went to bed early. When they wanted to go anywhere, they usually walked. The normal working day was 12 hours.

"Then came the machines—the steam engine, electricity, automobiles, the push-button age; elevators, escalators, refrigerators. The broom went out and the vacuum cleaner came in; and as physical effort waned, people became flabby from lack of even the ordinary exercise of walking briskly.

"Now our normal day is divided three ways—eight hours of sleep, eight hours of work, and eight hours of leisure. And how are those eight hours of 'leisure' spent? Ordinarily, they'd be spent in relaxation and amusement, attending baseball, football, wrestling, boxing shows, or perhaps movies or the theatre.

"That was fine when prices were lower and there was no 20 percent Federal tax piled onto the admission price. But now, with economic conditions what they are, this high Federal tax becomes too heavy. Less people can afford to indulge in this 'luxury,' attendance falls off and gradually those sports and amusements will die.

"But that's not the worst of it; those eight hours of 'leisure' become eight hours of monotony and are given over to worry. You turn on the radio and find the-air waves cluttered up with dire forebodings and reports of calamity and war, bogeyman predictions of impending annihilation by atom bombs, investigations indicating that the nation is going to hell on wheels—so is it any wonder our nut factories are working overtime? And that a lot of people now walking the streets should be in them?

"I don't claim that lifting the Federal tax on sports and amusements like wrestling, boxing, movies, etc., would prove a panacea for *all* our problems of living. But I do maintain it would be a boon for the people.

"At wrestling shows I've attended, for instance, I saw fans who forgot their cares and worries in the healthy excitement and thrill of watching the contests. They were getting the mental relaxation they needed. The same thing goes for football, boxing and the other sports and amusements.

"State and city taxes are a different matter. The state and city give something back in the form of public service to their citizenry—police and fire departments, parks, roads, officials who regulate and safe-guard the welfare of the people and help govern and supervise the sports and amusements.

"The so-called rugged sports inspire the youth of the land to physical development. If the body-contact sports are taxed out of existence—well that'll be the first sign of a great nation staggering to its doom. That must not happen here.

"Taxation should be used for the betterment of conditions, and in city and state it is. But the power to tax is also the power to destroy. I can't see why the people should be taxed for trying to remain normal, physically and mentally. That's why I say—

"Lift the Federal tax on ALL sports and amusements!"

John "Ox" DaGrosa, BS., LLB., PED., was born in Atlantic City, N. J., Feb. 17, 1902. He is married and has two children, a son, John Bennett DaGrosa, named after his mother, the former Mary Bennett, and a daughter, Ruth Stevenson DaGrosa.

A dossier on Mr. DaGrosa would fill a couple pages in Who's Who in America. Although his duties as State Athletic Commissioner of Philadelphia deal mainly with boxing and wrestling, "Ox's" first love is, and always has been, football.

Before the Army-Navy game of 1937, the coaches of both service teams separately consulted with him on the five-man-line defense, which he conceived, and both teams confided to him they were going to use that defense in the gridiron classic that year.

"It came up rain the day of the game," recalls DaGrosa, "and as I sat in the Philadelphia Municipal Stadium and surveyed the crowd of a hundred thousand expectant spectators, I got a big thrill out of knowing I was probably the only man in the crowd who knew in advance what the plan of battle was."

His most thrilling experience, however, came when he was coaching his Holy Cross team in the Orange Bowl game against Miami in 1945.

"With only 28 seconds left to play, the score was tied at 6 to 6. Holy Cross had the ball but was in no position to try a field goal. I could have insured a tie by calling for a buck but decided to play the real American way—for a win—and called for a pass.

"The ball was deflected about four times without hitting the ground, and while it was bouncing about in the air from one player to another, the gun was fired. But with the ball still in play, the game had to continue till the play was completed. Finally Hudson, the Miami safety man, intercepted and went tearing down the opposite side of the field for a touchdown, and the game was over.

"One of my boys jumped up from the bench and with tears streaming down his cheeks, cried:

"'What a terrible break, coach. Nothing could have been worse than that.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'it could have been worse. If Hudson had come down our side of the field, we'd all have got pneumonia from the wind as he went flying past.'"

How did DaGrosa get the monicker "Ox"?

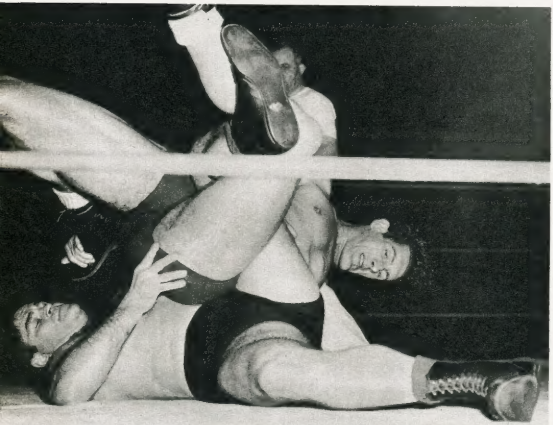
It happened when he was a kid in school at Atlantic City. The boys were in a physical efficiency test. "I shattered 14 out of 15 records," recalls DaGrosa. "As I smashed one record after another, the kids and the spectators all said: 'That DaGrosa is as strong as an ox.' The nickname has stuck to me ever since!"

"Ox" DaGrosa sees Federal tax on sports as roadblock to nation's moral and physical welfare



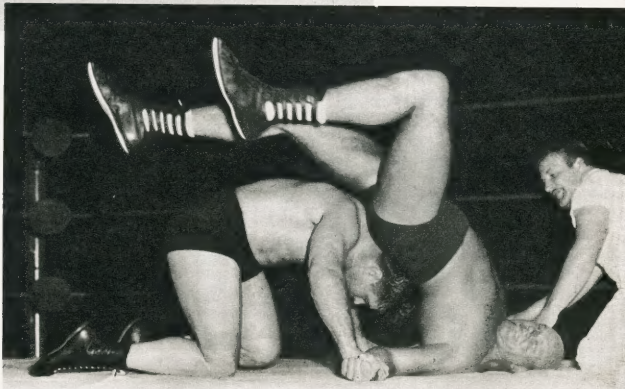
Boston Bedlam

Over the years, Frank Sexton has stirred up a lot of excitement in Boston rings.



Frank, on the bottom, gave the heave to Jim Tully during their wild match of a few years ago

Frederick Van Schacht finds himself at the mercy of Sexton, who is a master of every ring trick





Slipping out of this close call Frank eventually pinned the great matman Maurice Tillet

Things look bad for Frank as husky "Red" O'Malley parks on his midriff, but he finally won

Mat or Movie: he's Moider

Mike Mazurka is such a villain on the screen, he hates to watch himself in action

Even in his roughest matches you can't imagine Mike Mazurka being the kind of heel who would kick an old man into the mud and then step on his face, or horsewhip such a charming lady as Paulette Goddard—but he IS.

All this took place in movies, of course, but even so, Mike is a little ashamed of having done it, for no guy in his right mind would think of horsewhipping any nice young lady, let alone Miss Goddard. As a matter of fact, matman Mazurka has done so many cruel and inhuman things on the silver screen that he's almost ashamed to look himself in the eye when he's in the theater.

Off the screen and out of the ring, Mike is a pretty routine sort of man with a charming wife, and two nice young ladies to bounce on his chest in the morning as a substitute for an alarm clock, Mannette, three and a half, and Michele, two.

Ever since 1941, when Mike first went to Hollywood to act in movies, he has been portraying villains. He was the leader of the Philistine soldiers, who opened the epic "Samson and Delilah" by kicking the old man into the mud and stepping on his face; he horsewhipped Miss Goddard in "Unconquered," strangled Dick Powell in "Murder, My Sweet," was a treacherous Jap judo expert in "Behind the Rising Sun," and "Split Face" in the Dick Tracy series—but still his family loves him. It's all in a day's work for Mike, and a well paying day it is too.

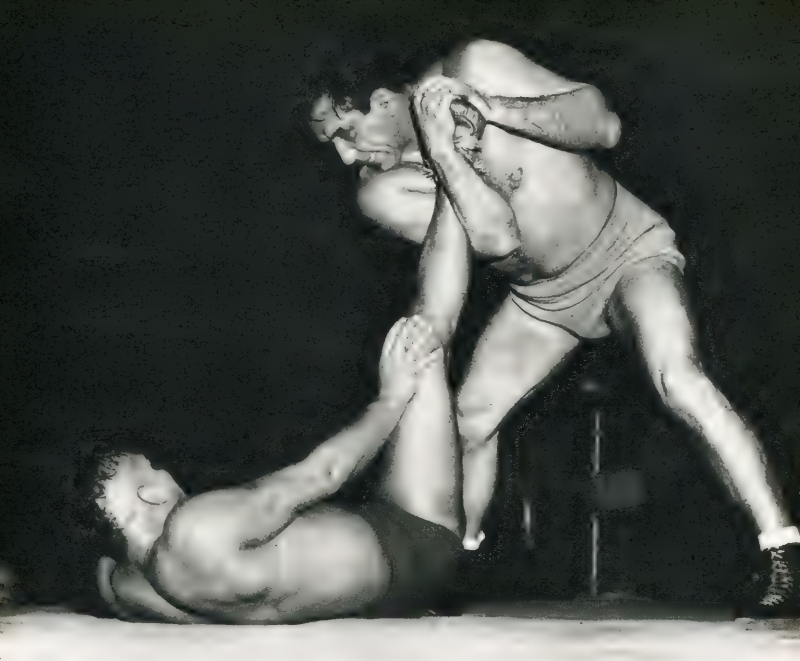
Off the screen and in the wrestling ring, Mike hews pretty close to the tough guy role also, but here it is strictly on the level, as many opponents have found out when it was too late for anything but to listen to that last hand wallop on the canvas, and the final count of "three" from the ref.

Mike, has been wrestling for many years and has met most of the top men in the mat game today—and usually successfully. In some twelve years of wrestling, he has had about 1500 bouts, winning over 85 percent of them. His 6 feet 6 inches of frame carries around 250 pounds of solid muscle and fighting spirit sandwiched in between generous slices of ring savvy and experience.

Mazurka was graduated from Manhattan College, New York, where he was a football and basketball star. After a short try at being a Wall street auditor he decided to become a wrestler, and within five years he was one of the top contenders for the world's mat title.

For a change, screen actor Mike Mazurka, manages to look harmless in a scene with Colleen Grey, in "Nightmare Alley"





Mike needs no grease paint or props to portray the veteran matman he is, but he lost this match with Don Eagle

His long list of matches with outstanding opponents reveals that he has met such mat greats as Ed (Strangler) Lewis, Jim Browning, Jim Londos (who, by the way, is Mike's ideal as the typical champion of the mat), Jumping Joe Savoldi, Frank Sexton and Gus Sonnenberg.

Wrestler Mazurka was born in a little village in the western Ukraine a bit over forty years ago. When he was six years old he came to this country with his parents and located in Cohoes, near Albany, New York.

It's almost a toss-up as to which Mike really is, whether to refer to him as an actor or a wrestler. He's justifiably proud of his success as both, for he has more than made his mark in both fields of endeavor.

In the summer of 1950 he went to England to take part in a picture called "Night and the City," with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney. During the course of the filming of this thriller, Mike ran into an old friend of his, Stanislaus Zbyszko, one of the mat stars of all time. The two of them teamed up for a mat duel as part of the action of the film and it is one of the high lights of the movie.

Although Mike himself might be considered one of the old school of grapplers, he has every word of praise for the new brand of wrestling that the TV audiences like, with its fan fare and costumes.

As "nasty" as Mike may appear on the screen, he has never been known to take part in a grudge match. He's not that kind of guy. Hard, determined and rough, yes, but mean or revengeful, never. They say it takes a genuinely nice sort of chap to play a screen villain with conviction. No wonder his screen "heels" are so frightening!



New Greek Mat Star

John Kostas, the sensational new mat youngster who came to America via a wrestling tour of South and Central America, has made friends and fans with every appearance. He's that kind of a guy.

His real name of Ioanis Kostolias, has been cut to plain John Kostas for ring use and he prefers it to his longer and more romantic one. John began his pro wrestling career in 1944 back in Greece, where he had been an all-around athlete excelling in both American and Rugby football. He had also been a track and swimming star. While in Argentina, later on, attending school and wrestling, he broke the national high jump record with a leap of 6 and a half feet.

John still weighs just about 230 pounds, as his ring weight, and stands 6 feet 2 inches. He has wrestled throughout New England and is extremely popular with both the wrestlers and the fans for his colorful wrestling style and his genial personality outside the ring.

John is a combination of the purely scientific matman and the rough and tumble grappler. His style appeals to fans and the men who meet him in the ring can't be too sure what will happen next.

I go behind the Scenes

The country's only woman wrestling editor tells what has happened along the way

by Marj Heyduck

"Women wrestlers? They should of stood at home," said a wrestling old-timer to me one day. "Women reporters? Well, honey, wouldn't you rather cook a good meal, or sew on a button?"

Confidentially, no! I like reporting wrestling, although if you were to nominate one person least likely to be a wrestling reporter, I'd win hands down. I am married, have no children, one dog. Vocation: newspaper columnist and editor of a women's department; avocation: collecting recipes, sewing, reading. Particular dislikes: baseball rehashes on the radio. Particular likes: go 'way, don't bother me, I'm right at the chapter where they're going to trap the killer. . . .

As unlikely as it is that I should ever be a reporter of wrestling, I am. They call me Kid Heyduck on the Sports Page, and I wouldn't trade any of the fun and fascination of the last eight years in which I've covered wrestling for a daily newspaper—not even for the first look at the best mystery just off the presses!

Because my stories of the weekly wrestling matches are written at double-speed right after the main go to make a deadline for the next morning's paper, and because they want nothing so much as a hot shower after their matches, the wrestlers and I get together before the show begins.

Inside the Elbow Room (and it's an obvious tag because all those cubbyholes have elbow room and nothing more), a bunch of wrestlers are sitting around in various stages of undress and, if they haven't been exposed to my particular racket before, in various stages of embarrassment. Gradually, the wrestlers get used to me and I to them.

In the women's dressing room the conversation's the same as you hear at bridge clubs: men, clothes, other women, clothes and men. Mildred Burke and Nell Stewart, Mae Young and Violet Viann always have another diamond ring or diamond-studded watch or emerald bracelet to show off. Somebody's just in from a tour of Mexico with a new leather tooled shoulder bag and a fistful of press clippings. Anne LaVerne, the only gal wrestler who's proud of a cauliflower ear, combs and re-combs her hair, to show off the left ear with the mashed tissue. If anybody's getting married or divorced in the gal's wrestling league, the dressing room grapevine is the first to know about it. You may be sure.

The women wrestlers are as feminine out of the ring as they are rugged in it. Their lingerie is edged with lots of lace. Their nylons are the sheerest, their heels the highest.

Every woman wrestler whips out a needle and thread to do a little reinforcing of the straps on her skin-tight bathing suits in that half hour or so wait before her match. And that's something you never see in the men's dressing rooms. To while away the time before their matches, the men rub Mennen baby oil all over their bodies and then dry off. Or they play pinochle.

The women have lots more preparation—nails to



Maurice Tillet (Swedish Angel) checks head sizes with Marj.

be buffed, hair to be combed and arranged, eyeshadow and lipstick to be applied, shoes laced and re-laced until they're comfortable, lastex suits smoothed over hips until there's not a wrinkle and then an extra pair of shorts pulled on over the one-piece suit.

I sit in the women's dressing rooms, swapping the latest gossip. Ask about their kids, because many of the women wrestlers are married and their children are back home in Idaho or California, staying with grandparents while mom's on the road. Men and women wrestlers alike will haul out billfolds crammed with snapshots of their offspring, just like proud parents the world over. I hear about vacation plans and retirement plans, if and when, they always

say. Most wrestlers are pretty thrifty.

And pretty soon comes a knock on the door and somebody says, "You're on in two minutes." That's when the men call out "OK" and deal another quick round. That's when the women look in the mirror for a once-over lightly with the lipstick, and pull down their tights in the accepted girdle-pulling-down gesture. That's when one of the girls says, "Marj, mind holding my diamonds while I'm in the ring? Don't want to leave them around the dressing room, you never know—thanks, I'll get them after. . . ."

If any of the wrestlers have a gimmick or trade mark, they pull out all stops to sell me on the idea when I'm in their dressing rooms.

Bert Ruby, billed as the wrestler with the educated toes, watches every opportunity to pick up my pencil and hand it to me with his toes. John Pesek, the grand old man of wrestling whose rubber arms and legs still get him out of tight wrestling holds and whose Nebraska turkey farm keeps him in the higher income bracket, won't tell his age publicly. Privately, he gives me an agile, polite run-around on it, too. Ruffy Silverstein always talks good works and flexes his muscles at me to show how strong he is. Pat McGee lights his pipe and hides in back of the smoke to show me how the "silent" tag fits him.

When I began covering wrestling matches, knowing nothing about wrestling and getting wised up when a promoter, for a gag, sent me a set of the Strangler Lewis and Billy Sandow books on "Fundamentals of Health, Muscular Development and Wrestling," I had my own gimmick for writing wrestling.

I took the "don't know from nothing" attitude and went into detail about learning the flying mares, stepover toe-holds, full nelsons and chanceries. In the beginning, the "don't know from nothing" angle was strictly on the level. I didn't know. And the first time I asked a couple of the women wrestlers to have lunch with me if they ever got in town early before their match—well, that was an occasion that wised me up in a hurry.

Annie Snodgrass, Mae Young, Nell Stewart, Gladys Ryan and Mae Weston accepted the invitation and I made a date at a popular downtown department store dining room where the ladies of the town met before a matinee, or bridge. All the women wrestlers, hearty and healthy, breezed into the dining room as if striding across a golf course.



Marj learns a new version of the arm lock from the experts in the dressing room before the evening bouts. Left to right: Pat McGee, Frankie Talaber, Marj, the Great Mephisto, Gordon Hessle and Martini Angelo.



Way back when they all were more or less beginners. Left to right, Nell Stewart, Gladys Ryan, Mae Young, the author, Annie (Elvira) Snodgrass, and Mae Weston. The year 1944.

The limpid ladies in their proper hats and gloves were startled beyond words. They stopped nibbling at their salads and rye crisp the minute they saw the women wrestlers finish off the soup and salad and wade into the meat and potatoes, with seven plates of rolls vanishing from the table, one by one, as fast as the surprised waitresses placed them there.

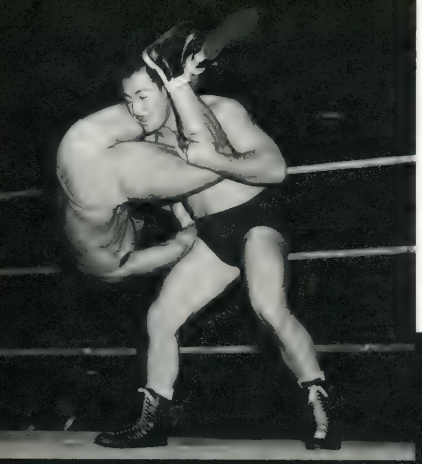
Nothing stopped the unpretentious women wrestlers. They looked with interest at the match-stick-thin models displaying the newest fashions. I thought Annie was really taken by one little lavender number. When the model pivoted at her side, Annie looked her over from top to bottom and then said, in her normal tone which was two degrees less than a fog horn, "Not bad, sister, but you need a little meat on them bones."

Word jumped from table to table around the room that Kid Heyduck was entertaining five women wrestlers. The dress models didn't have a chance after that. Everybody looked at us. I don't know why—doesn't everybody eat three desserts?

Finally, one waitress sidled over to me and leaned down: "Pardon me, ma'm. But those two ladies at the table against the window want to know: which one at this table isn't a wrestler?"

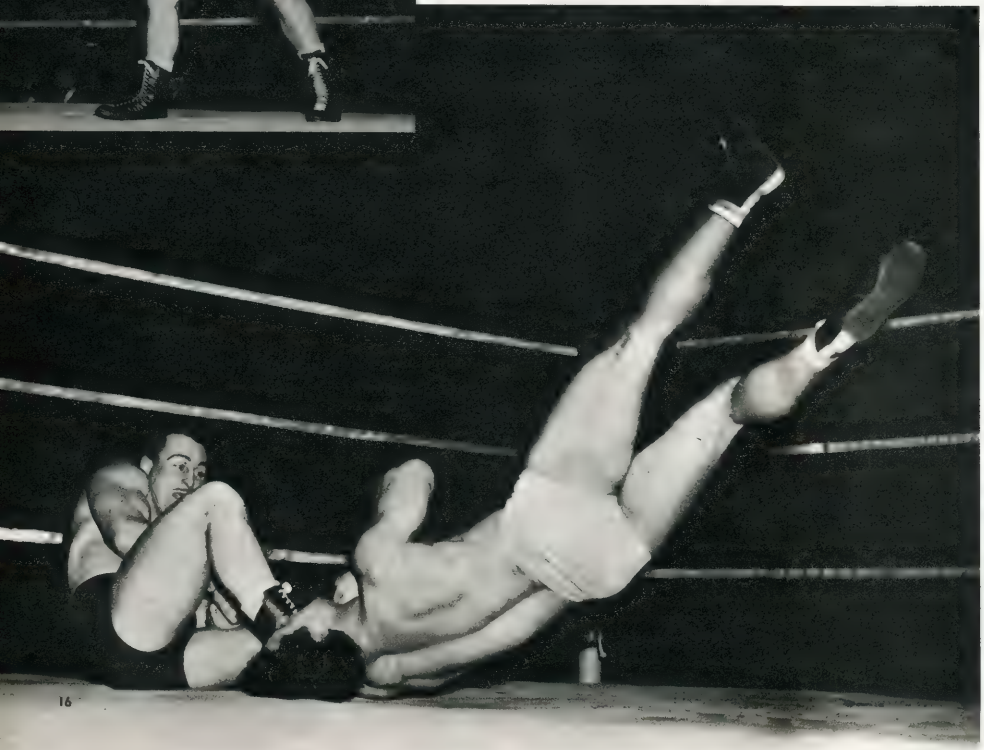
DRAPP TAKES COSENZA

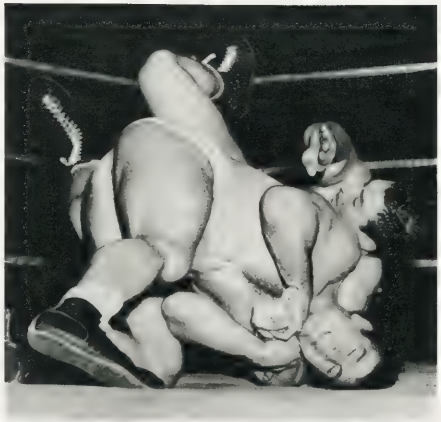
Tony Cosenza makes Andre Drapp go the limit to win a close match



Tony Cosenza tries with might and main to break Drapp's head scissors while Andre strives to retain his hold

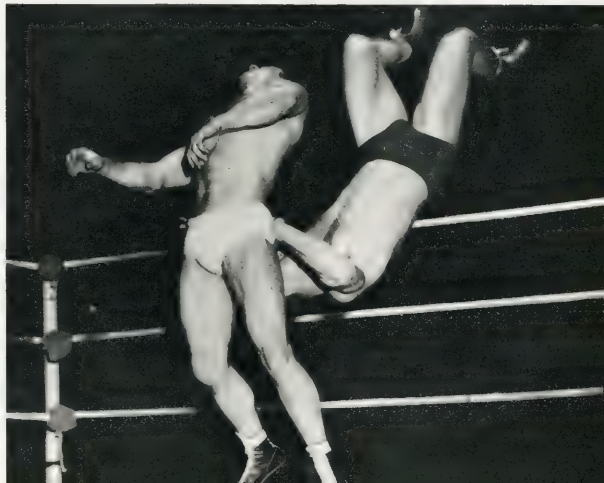
Andre Drapp endeavors to thrash his way out of a punishing arm stretch applied by the veteran Tony Cosenza





Andre hangs on to one of Tony's arms through a bit of violent action

Drapp heaves Cosenza over his head and pins him for the decision



VERNE GAGNE

He bucked his father's wishes and has made good in a tough profession

It was an unseasonably hot night in Tulsa last November 13th, and under the glare of the ring lights beads of perspiration gleamed on the forehead of the good-looking young wrestler. For the last hour he had been engaged in as grueling a test of skill and stamina as ever the wrestling ring had known. He had matched wits and strength against 200 pounds of powerful agility known as Sonny Myers. He had bested a field of 28 of the nation's finest grapplers to win his way into the ring this night. And the contest just ended required the maximum strength months of conditioning had placed at his disposal.

The first fall had been his. But his opponent had rallied swiftly and evened the score. And then, for thirty minutes, to a rising crescendo of excitement in the crowd, the two men had unleashed against each other what one sportswriter called "one of the most furious and sustained attacks I have ever seen."

And he had won! Pinned his opponent to the mat, and held him there, while the referee counted the required three seconds.

And now he was ready to have his part in one of the most unusual scenes the centuries-old sport of wrestling had ever seen. A blind man was assisted through the ropes and came into the center of the ring. This was LeRoy McGuirk, for eight years undisputed champion of his division, now tragically blinded by an automobile accident.

The crowd was as silent now as it had been tumultuous before. McGuirk took the microphone and said: "Ladies and gentlemen—the new junior heavyweight champion of the world—VERNE GAGNE!"

Verne Gagne is a young man from frigid Minneapolis who won fame and fortune in the heat of the Southwestern plains. He is a college graduate who has made good in a field where brains alone don't get men far. He is a sportsman in a form of athletics where sportsmanship is more often abused than practiced.

It's no wonder that back in Robbinsdale, a suburb of Minneapolis, where Verne was born in 1926, his dad did everything in his power to discourage young Gagne's interest in wrestling. The family was desperately poor—Verne worked his way through high school—and the head of the family often urged his son to "find a profession where you can earn a decent living."

But the father's arguments did not prevail—fortunately for the family! For today 25-year-old Verne pulls down well over $30,000 a year.

While still in high school Gagne showed the attributes of a future champion. Under the guidance of Mark Woodward, who coached eight national championship teams, he won the national interscholastic wrestling crown. Entering the University of Minnesota at 16, Verne, always a good student, became the youngest varsity football player in the school's history. He won his letter as end under Bernie Bierman each fall, but in the winter he'd return to his first love, wrestling. During his college career, he won Big Ten and NCAA Championships with a regularity that became depressing to foes from other schools.

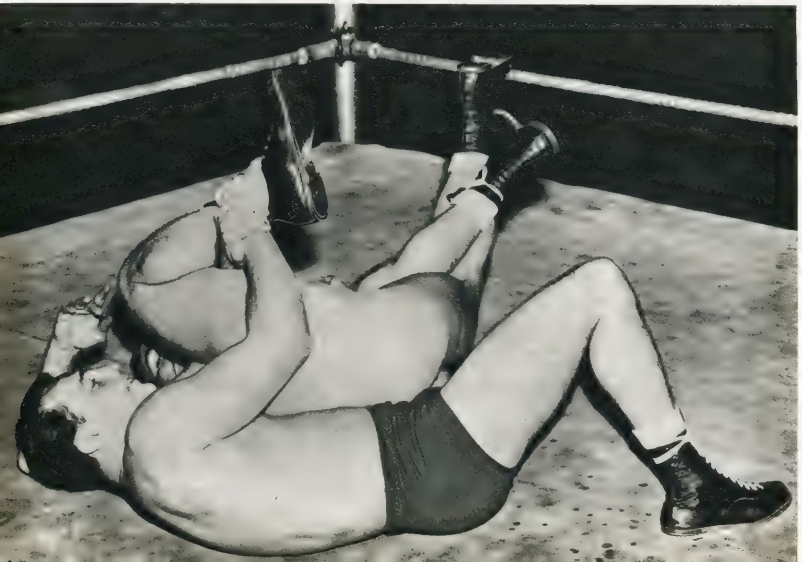
After graduation he served a two year stretch in the Marines and in 1948 traveled to Europe with the U. S. Olympic wrestling team. On his return, in the Fall of 1948, he was induced to try professional wrestling by the famed Minneapolis promoter, Tony Stecher. Eighteen months later in Tulsa he won the championship of his division.

Today Gagne dominates his field as few men dominate any sport. He has been undefeated since winning his crown and there are few wrestlers, of his weight or heavier, who care to take on the rugged Minnesotan.

Verne's ability and his warm but modest personality have won him a host of fans around the country. They shower him with gifts and hospitality when he visits their town, or when his birthday rolls around.

Outside the ring, Gagne is an affable young man, much devoted to his wife, young son, and infant daughter. His recreational interests include golf, sandlot baseball, Western movies, shower singing and curling up with a good book.

Many regard him as the game's foremost "straight wrestler," meaning he avoids hair-pulling, eye gouging, high jumping and fancy robes. He is all business on the mat. At the same time, he has a fierce competitive spirit, a desire to win.



Verne is always training between matches and experimenting with new versions of old holds

Gagne looks with justifiable pride at the belt emblematic of World's Junior Heavyweight title





Promoter Templeton knows what fans like

ONE TOWN'S WRESTLING

Dan Templeton proves that any slump in wrestling can be cured by better matches

by George Kirchner



A Lancaster lass registers a kick at Tony Sinatra during the excitement of a match

Fifteen years ago professional wrestling in Lancaster, Pa., a thriving community of 75,000 citizens, was hanging on the ropes . . . awaiting the knockout blow.

It came late that year when a card of four bouts, including the headliners of those days, drew less than 500 fans. But things have changed since then, and today the grapplers are the biggest attraction in Lancaster sports circles.

Proof of this came when the 1951 baseball season opened there. The Lancaster entry in the Inter-State League attracted exactly 1,370 paid customers. On the same night, a wrestling show was offered at Maple Grove, site of all indoor sporting events, and the matmen drew exactly 3,546 paid customers.

To accentuate the positive, it was an ideal night for outdoor baseball and a warm, humid night to sit indoors.

Whether it's adding insult to injury or no, Promoter Dan Templeton actually called on some of his regular customers, whom he knew to be baseball fans, and asked if they wanted to return their tickets. He was greeted with an emphatic "NO." Templeton admitted frankly he wasn't being altruistic in his motives.

"I had more than enough requests for these tickets," the promoter said, "and I figured that if there were any baseball fans who wanted to get rid of their wrestling tickets I could have handled all such cases."

Everyone, Templeton included, is amazed by the way the local populace has responded to the matches lately. Dan is in a good position to pass judgment—(or surprise)—for he was the promoter at the time when pro wrestling didn't draw enough people to pay the rental fee on the auditorium.

"Some people say it's all due to television," Templeton said, "and I'll admit that the video shows have done much to keep the interest alive.

"But I'm also convinced that today's grapplers are giving the public their money's worth, and that's the principal reason why the fans keep coming back. They know they're going to get plenty of action and I ask you what sport has come close to providing its customers with the excitement you get at a wrestling show?"

Templeton first began promoting matmen when Jim Londos and Dick Shikat were top attractions. Londos once played here and filled the Maple Grove Arena to its 4,000 capacity.

But after the fans had seen the Gorgeous Greek in action, they apparently assumed there was little else to see in the way of good wrestling.

The Dusek riot squad of four brothers stirred their imagination long enough to come close to a capacity crowd, but after that the attendance slipped until finally Templeton was forced to toss in the sponge.

Then, two years ago, he plunged right back into the field only to discover new talent had attracted new interest. His only two shows of that year drew well and led him to plan for bigger and better attractions in the 1949-50 season. His guess was a good one, for with the start of the '49-'50, Lancaster began showing its real interest in professional wrestling. Twice Templeton's shows drew capacity crowds.

The peak came this year when Dan brought the gals into his arena. It rained all day and was "pouring" at the time his show was scheduled to begin. But still the throng turned out, thousands standing in line, getting soaked, just waiting to get into the arena.

The traffic jam around the spacious parking lot which adjoins the field was packed so tight that many of the parkers never got home until 2:30 A.M. the next day.

That was the real beginning and twice since then the grunt-and-groaners have drawn crowds of more than capacity. It became so fabulous that John (Ox) DaGrossa, of the State Athletic Commission, made a special trip here "just to see for myself."

Templeton has been using such performers as Nature Boy, Buddy Rodgers, Atomic Mercer (who, incidentally, resides in Reading, only 30 miles away), Billy Darnell and recently Ernie and Emil Dusek.

The boys have responded with plenty of action, matched only by the excited attitude of the customers.

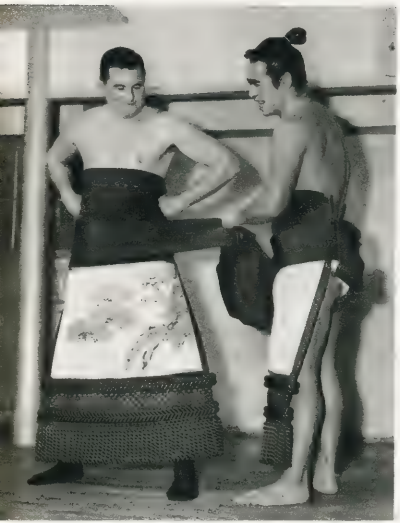
There's no television of the shows, but any camera could pick up plenty of excitement if it were focused on the crowd as it reacts to the thrilling action in the ring.

Templeton's plans for the summer include outdoor shows, for he well remembers what Don Eagle drew when he made his only appearance here last year. They put that show on at the local high school football field and it played before a crowd of 5,000.

Templeton says many of his performers have asked to return here and while he modestly admits he's puzzled by it all, he knows, as does every sports fan in the area, that this town has been bitten by the wrestling bug . . . and it's always more fun to perform before a packed house!

Airline Pilots Learn Sumo

Even the "fly boys" are taking up wrestling between hops to the Orient



Pilot Russell Laboda has his Sumo Mawashi (apron) wrapped into place with a 12-foot scarf by instructor Hirashima Kurosegawa

That ancient sport of the grunt and groan Gargantuans—Japanese Sumo wrestling—may soon be enjoying some popularity in this country, thanks in part to Northwest Airlines' flight crews, who have been demonstrating some of the hefts and holds to their friends after returning from flights to Tokyo.

Most of these pilots, pursers and other crew members, who keep in the physical pink, are wrestling fans. They have been spectators at some of the important bouts in Japan, and a few have taken instructions in the art.

What they'd like to see one of these days is a showdown between the best of these Nipponese behemoths and some of our catch-as-catch-can exponents, like Gorgeous George, King Kong Kashey, Bronko Nagurski, or the Angel.

Among the more recent of these birdmen to take lessons are Pilot Russell Laboda and Purser Lewis Wendt, of New York and Denver respectively, who found it an invigorating way to fill in their layovers in Tokyo.

The two went about their researches lightly—and that's literally true. When they began their lessons in Sumo wrestling, they discovered that the heavier exponents of the native sport—grapplers weighing 300 to 400 pounds—were having a layoff from their professional labors. Most of them had gone south to Osaka.

So, for instructor, they turned to Hirashima Kurosegawa, who is a lightweight in the human boxcar league, and a veteran who knows all the tricks. At 26 years, he has been in the game for 10 years.

In the ring the professional wrestlers wear loin cloths—otherwise they could be accepted as fugitives from a nudist colony.

There are ceremonial preliminaries to the tugs and squirms in the ring. Colorful aprons, called "mawashis" are donned. Proper preparation of the Sumo wrestler's hair is one of the prerequisites of a match. The hair is heavily brilliantined and combed into a knot on top.

The outer edges of the ring form a square, inside of which is a double circle of straw rope half buried in sand—this circle being 12 feet in diameter. The winner is the wrestler who forces his opponent outside the ring, or throws him so that any part of his body, except the feet, touches the floor.

The umpires are officials of great consequence. For centuries they have been members of the Shigo and Yoshida families; they wear ancient costumes; and they carry lacquered fans of a type once used by generals in battle. The umpire gives orders by lifting or lowering his fan.

The airlines crew members have taken up Sumo purely as a pastime. They don't expect to get serious about it.

For one thing, they'd have to put on more than 200 pounds apiece to reach the right tonnage—and that would be just too much dead weight for flying!

When Gotch Got His

By Carroll Van Court

Carroll Van Court has been a handball instructor at the Pasadena and Los Angeles Athletic Clubs for 37 years. He has coached many celebrities, including Morley Drury, Tommy Milton (World Amateur Champion in 1920), Max Gold, Edward Everett Horton, Charles and Wesley Ruggles, Frank Gotch, Dan McLeod and many others.



Frank Gotch

When Frank Gotch was champion, practically the entire wrestling world considered him unbeatable. And every time the Iowa Farm Boy went to the mat, just about every shirt in his native state was wagered on Fearless Frank.

As Gotch piled up victory after victory, his supporters waxed prosperous. Finally there was no more competition visible to the naked eye.

One day a salesman named Frank McLeod was passing through Frank's home town of Humboldt, Iowa. McLeod, who kept in shape by lugging heavy sample cases around the country, did quite a bit of wrestling as a side-line.

Listening to a group of hot stove leaguers at a cigar stand raving about Gotch's prowess, McLeod diffidently remarked that he, too, indulged in a bit of grappling now and then. This quiet remark inspired the Gotch adherents, who were always in search of new game, and before long a match was being cooked up between Gotch and traveling salesman McLeod.

The instigators of the bout insisted that the men would have to wrestle on a cinder running track nearby. To their surprise, McLeod readily agreed to the site. The Gotchites attributed his acceptance to either insufferable cockiness or pathetic naivete.

McLeod, who was not without his own following, raised enough to post a sizable side bet. Practically the whole state of Iowa turned out to see their Farmer Boy give the City Slicker drummer his comeuppance.

Gotch, weighing 220 pounds to McLeod's 186, started out confidently after the squat Scotsman, but Dan was lightning quick in eluding Frank's maneuvers.

McLeod was neither as self-assured nor as naive as the Gotch fans had thought. He knew what had been planned for him on the rough, coarse cinders on which they were wrestling. After repeatedly slipping out of Gotch's grasp like a cake of soap in a bathtub, McLeod finally took the offensive. With a variety of holds climaxed by his soon-to-be famous Grapevine, he flopped the great Gotch on his back, then added insult to injury by rubbing him thoroughly into the sandpaperlike running track surface.

Dan won the fall and the cash side bet—and for three days afterwards they were picking cinders out of Gotch's shoulder blades.

McLeod won many matches with his science, strength and speed. He was skilled in sports other than wrestling. At the Gaelic picnics in Oakland and in counties around San Francisco Bay he took home many prizes. Dan was particularly skilled at the ancient Highland game of Tossing the Caber, which consists of heaving as far and high as possible an immense log about the size of the average telephone pole.

I consider Dan McLeod the most scientific heavyweight wrestling champion that ever lived. He didn't need the toehold or stranglehold to beat an opponent, but pinned his shoulders to the mat.

Some months ago Dan, 91 and nearly blind, fell and broke his shoulder. At this writing he is still in a hospital in Los Angeles—and he can still chuckle about the time he crossed the Iowa wise boys by conquering the Great Gotch!



Ringside view

GORGEOUS GEORGE ESCAPES FROM A FULL NELSON BY HURLING HIMSELF BACKWARDS OFF THE ROPES

Keep your eye on... *Big Bill Miller*

This nine letter athlete, winner of the Big Ten college wrestling title for two years in a row, now has his sights set on pro heavyweight title

"When you rack up 20 straight wins in a row, especially in the Big Ten, you are really accomplishing something."

Casey Fredericks, the amiable Ohio State University wrestling coach was talking about his favorite subject, Big Bill Miller, his 250 pound, six foot, two and one-half inch heavyweight sensation—and the Big Ten champion for two years in a row.

The Scarlet and Gray coach continued.

"In addition to being a great wrestler who has dominated his class for three years, he's been a nine letter man, winning three each in three different fields of college sport.

"He's also been a fine student—he's well liked by everyone who knows him and he's fairly glutted with intestinal fortitude.

"Miller decided to take up professional wrestling because he wanted to continue his studies while majoring in veterinary medicine—and later purchase a farm.

"You know he's been brought up on a farm—and next to wrestling he loves to work on a farm.

"I have worked hard with Miller, but my reward has come with watching him brush aside the best of college opposition time after time.

"In Al Haft, he has in my opinion picked one of the best men I know as his manager for professional wrestling.

"Haft is not only a fine teacher of professional wrestling, but he knows men.

"I know about the great wrestlers Haft developed up at Ohio State some 30 years ago when he was the varsity coach."

Haft said:

"Those are fine compliments coming from a great college coach like Fredericks.

"Fredericks has done a fine job with Miller in the collegiate field, now we'll try to make him top in the pro ranks—and I don't think he can miss."

Miller has completed long grinds in Al Haft's gym in Columbus under the watchful eye of the old master—Haft in person.

He's had wrestlers like Ruffy Silverstein, Frankie Talaber, Roy Shire, John Pesek, Don Arnold, the former west coast collegiate champion, Johnny "Adonis" Valentine and many others showing him holds, counters and the tricks of the trade.

—And you think he's a big fellow?

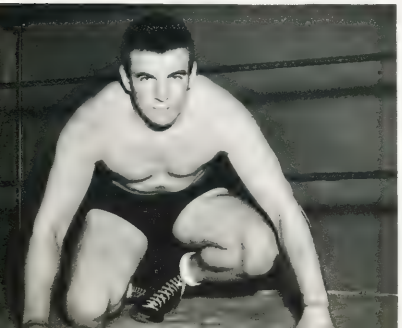
His Dad, who farms up around Fremont, O., weighs 260 and is six feet, three inches tall.

What does Miller think about his future in the professional wrestling wars.

"I am grateful to the fine coaching of Casey Fredericks—and now Al Haft, one of professional wrestling's top coaches, managers and promoters.

"Confidence is not the word for it—winning has been a habit with me for so long—and with Haft in my corner, I'm sure I'll go places."

Miller, incidentally while wrestling at Ohio State during the season just past was voted the outstanding wrestler in the Big Ten—and he and Haft are making his goal the World Heavyweight Championship.



Bill, in his attack crouch, is ready for any opponent.





Red and Bill at ring side are always planning new ways to help folks

Wrestling has a Heart

Red Andrews and Bill Fountain of Oklahoma City have turned wrestling into a helping hand for benefit of the needy

Wrestling has become the top sport in Oklahoma City, despite the fact that champions in many other sports hail from this area. Last year more than 190,000 fans paid admission at the Coliseum to see Red Andrews' matches and an estimated 50,000 more watched the events each week over WKY-TV, with Bill Fountain doing the announcing.

Wrestling's immense popularity in Oklahoma City is largely due to the great heart of the man who stages the events; a man who never misses an opportunity to use his wrestling cards to aid worthy causes every week.

So contagious has the enthusiasm of Red Andrews been, that in a year and a half of telecasting the shows, Bill Fountain, with his WKY-TV microphone and camera has made the telecasts an important factor in espousing the causes of those needing help; and today listeners forward funds to the station to be used for that purpose.

"I've enjoyed the wrestling so much," one letter from a television fan in a small Oklahoma town told Bill, "that I want to help in some of the things you and Red have done. Here's a five dollar bill . . . give it to someone who needs help!"

What has been done by Red and Bill? It's a long list and the story of Red Andrews alone will explain wrestling's pre-eminent position among Oklahoma City sport fans.

There's the matter of the Boys Home at Ponca City, Oklahoma, sponsored by the American Legion. Since 1945, when Andrews began promoting wrestling in Oklahoma City, five per cent of every dollar paid into the Coliseum box office on wrestling night went to the Boys Home! More than $25,000 has brought an immeasurable amount of thrills and happiness to those boys, because Red Andrews, reared in a newsboys home at Houston, Texas, knows the problems of boys without parents.

"My whole heart is with boys because I'll never forget those days," Red declares, "and I think such sports as wrestling should always be used to help such causes."

Not long ago Billie Johnston, young daughter of an Oklahoma City traffic policeman, lay dangerously ill because of the need for a rare type of blood unavailable in the Oklahoma City blood banks. Between wrestling match telecasts, Bill Fountain told his listeners about it and asked their help. That night 25 pints of the type were made available and in the week following more than 100 wrestling fans from every section of the state who watched the telecasts, had written in with offers to help, and the little girl's life was saved.

Red Andrews stages special events as the need for benefits arises each year. Bill Fountain plugs them tirelessly and efficiently in his telecasts. They have wonderful support of the local radio stations and newspapers, because everyone in Oklahoma City knows Red never gains a cent of money from such benefits. Every wrestler who appeared on such cards volunteered his services free, and many paid their own expenses from distant points.

"This sort of thing has made everyone connected with wrestling in Oklahoma City proud of the profession, and the wrestling fans more loyal to the sport than to any other," Red explains. "The wrestlers, particularly, have been wonderful guys. Why, the last such benefit we staged we needed eight men

for four matches. As soon as the word was out I had over 30 of the top men in the area asking for a spot on the card; wanting to do their part . . . and with every cent of their purses going to the benefit!"

These events usually are planned well ahead, but one of the most remarkable of all had no planning back of it, because there just wasn't time for such planning. When the 20th Marine Detachment was rushed to Korea from Tulsa at the outbreak of the Korean War, the ponderous machinery of government was unable to get dependency checks to their wives and children . . . some were looking forward to a very bleak Christmas . . . some were wondering where their next meal was coming from . . . how to get milk for their babies . . . how to pay rent to keep a roof over their heads

Red Andrews, himself a Marine Reserve Sergeant who had helped train the 20th and had been in the 1st Marine Division during World War II (and the 33rd Infantry Division during World War I) heard about the situation.

With one week's time to act he set up a benefit to help. Bill Fountain used every spare moment of his telecast time to sound the call for help.

The result . . . $2,000 in cash was raised for the Marines' wives and children . . . 342 families were helped over the period, and 192 babies were provided with milk and food—until government checks started coming in.

Another benefit staged a few months before brought happiness and security to Sgt. Elmer Morris of Ringling, who was one of Oklahoma's first heroic casualties from the fighting in Korea.

Sergeant Morris's future appeared bleak until Andrews heard the details. Red got together with his wrestlers. They worked out plans for devoting proceeds from one of the regular Friday night cards toward a benefit for Morris. Result: today the Sergeant has one of the finest chicken ranches in the Southwest near his home town, bought from the nearly $25,000 raised by the benefit!

There are many other events that can be mentioned such as more than $10,000 raised through wrestling benefits for the Infantile Paralysis drive last year; $500 raised for the benefit of victims of a devastating tornado which struck the small town of Woodward, Oklahoma; the Boy Scout Jamboree which each year has Red footing the bills and providing the Coliseum as a place in which to stage the event without cost.

The last big event, Mayor Allan Street's Annual Christmas Party for underprivileged children in Oklahoma City, was taken over almost completely, in a promotion and money-raising way, by Red Andrews' wrestling promotions and Bill Fountain's TV broadcasts.

The 1950 Christmas party feted 7,600 children on December 24th in Oklahoma City's vast municipal auditorium with the biggest Christmas party they had ever known!

Besides the huge party for the happy youngsters the receipts provided Christmas baskets overflowing with turkey, candy, fruit, nuts, etc., for over 500 families in and around Oklahoma City!

Wrestler Johnny Swenski, who appears on every benefit card for Red and Bill, gets a warm reception from young fans



Left to right, Rev. Roy Stephenson, Red Andrews, and Pat Sterrett check over donation of food for Christmas baskets



Dick Lane

It's hard to tell which keeps Dick Lane the busiest, acting in movies or announcing top wrestling cards



Dick Lane, who made the expression "Whoa, Nellie!" famous

Dick Lane is West Coast television's triple threat personality. A triple threat because Lane is equally popular in three diversified realms of television.

Lane's "Whoa, Nellie" during his sportscasts—from the wrestling matches at the Olympic Auditorium—his "why" technique of describing the matches, his knowledge of wrestling and wrestling history, all endear him to his KTLA audience.

Dick's long experience as a part of the fabled movie colony, in Hollywood, enables him to emcee KTLA's "Movietown, RSVP" in a fashion so deft that even his interviewees are constantly being astounded at his knowledge of the ups and downs of their careers.

Dick Lane's association with television, and particularly KTLA television, dates back to 1942. While working in a picture at Paramount, Lane saw "Television Productions" painted on a sound stage and wandered into the building. He introduced himself to Klaus Landsberg, KTLA's organizer, with a query, "Why don't you put me to work?"

Landsberg signed him, and Richard Lane, of motion picture fame, became Dick Lane of television renown. Lane's first sportscast was a wrestling match staged in KTLA's old studios "on the lot." It was then that he adopted his highly accepted "why" technique. Instead of just describing the action which viewers could see for themselves, Dick explained "why" this was done and "why" that had happened. Now, with the TV audience schooled in the "whys" Dick Lane has had a big hand in the crusade to help clean up wrestling in Southern California. His fans back him on this with well over 1,000 letters per week.

Dick Lane's television activities go farther afield than wrestling alone. On Saturday nights over KTLA, he handles the commercials on Spade Cooley's "Western Varieties." His television schedule is filled out with the emceeing chores on KTLA's "Movietown, RSVP," every Sunday.

Lane probably is the most imitated personality in television today in Southern California. His informal, free and easy manner of speaking is well adapted to television. He has been in show business since he left the farm in Wisconsin at the age of 16. Theatre was always the love of both Lane and his lovely wife, Esther. The couple went to New York together on their honeymoon—broke and ambitious—landed small parts in Al Jolson's "Big Boy," stuck around for several years in small parts until they really hit with major roles in "Sunny Days," "Connecticut Yankee," "Fifty Million Frenchmen," and finally in Texas Guinan's company. Esther danced and Dick emceed.

Sixty-one weeks in "George White's Scandals" brought the Lanes to Hollywood in 1937. RKO studios nabbed Dick, and Esther settled for homemaking. Esther liked the job so well that she is still busy making the Lanes' Beverly Hills house a home for him and their two children, Barry and Victoria.

RKO moved Dick from one picture into another and it has been that way ever since. As a freelance actor, Lane has done as many pictures as he did under contract. Television has taken a great deal of Dick's time, but he still finds time to appear in such pictures as "The Big Wheel," "The Jackie Robinson Story" and "I Can Get It For You Wholesale."

Left to right: George Becker, Lord Blears and Dick



Bitter was the Victor

Whenever Lilly Bitter and Mars Bennett tangle, the ring is full of action

When Lilly (Lillian) Bitter, and the veteran Mars Bennett, got together everyone expected that the mat victory would go to Miss Bennett with ease. Miss Bennett has long been one of the top girl wrestlers and has an impressive record of wins over the best in the business.

On the other hand, the young lady from Newark, N. J., has been wrestling but a few months. Don't let that fool you, however, for as Billy Wolfe, the girl wrestling promoter says: "She shows more promise at this stage of the game than did Champion Mildred Burke. In a year she will be one of the most polished wrestlers in the sport."

Lilly is of Russian parents, just nineteen, stands 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 135 pounds. She likes to wrestle in bare feet.

She started her wrestling career after becoming a friend of Tony Galento, veteran fighter and mat-man. She met wrestling first via television and then went to matches to see first hand what it was like. She decided that if other girls could make good money in the ring she could herself, so gave up her job in a Newark 5 and 10 cent store and went at it in earnest.

Unlike most young wrestling aspirants, she did not require weeks or months of training before making her pro debut. Just ten days after having an interview with Willie Gilzenberg, Galento's manager, she climbed into the ring as part of a tag team match in Sydney, Neb. Performing like a veteran her team won. She's been a consistent winner ever since.

Mars corners Lilly and proceeds to plant her knees in the middle of things while the referee, with an eye on her ropeholding, counts



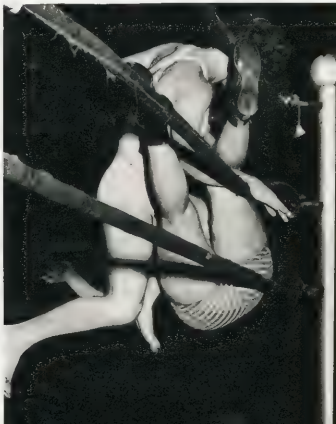
Lilly, still on the receiving end of things, tries to kick Mars' hands from her ankle as Miss Bennett puts on a step-over toe-hold and ankle twist



Lilly braces herself as best she can as Mars Bennett maneuvers her into position for a vicious body slam. Lilly better get into action herself



The tide turns with a vengeance and Lilly Bitter comes back to win the match from Mars



They make wrestling tick

John J. Doyle has the knack of turning "long shots" into "sure things"

John J. Doyle is a man with vision—television. This popular Southern California promoter matched wrestling with television and the marriage is a tremendous success. Through television, Southern California has become one of the wrestling capitals of the world, under the guidance of Doyle.

The young grappling impresario was born in LaSalle, Ill., April 6, 1909, and attended school there before moving to California with his family in 1921. He completed high school in Alhambra, attended Los Angeles Junior College and the University of Southern California.

There was no wrestling in his early background—not even sports. His father was connected with the Hearst newspaper chain, so it was only natural that young John continue in his father's profession. He became a sports writer and among his duties was covering local wrestling shows.

Doyle launched his wrestling career in Wilmington, Delaware, as assistant promoter. However, he soon found a town of his own and began promoting in Jersey City. Business immediately boomed into the phenomenal class and Doyle became known as the "Baby-faced promoter."

The first big break came in 1935 when he was selected assistant director of the International Wrestling Tournament held in the Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles. Later he opened up Salt Lake City for wrestling, and in 1938 accepted the job of matchmaker for the entire eastern part of the United States. He opened his office in Philadelphia instead of New York, and began a few of the most successful years of wrestling in the history of the East.

In 1945 Doyle and his partner bought the Southern California Wrestling Booking Office and since that time he has been a real power to reckon with in the wrestling world.

He has the invaluable knack of sensing what the public wants in wrestlers. For example, he gambled $2000 on a one-penny post card from Primo Carnera. He brought the Ambling Alp over here when no one had seen him for several years, trained him back into condition and launched a year-long campaign for Primo which has never been surpassed in the history of wrestling.

John saw the possibilities in a fellow who called himself Gorgeous George, and promoted him into a number one box office attraction. It was Doyle who toured Shirley Temple's brother George through the nation. He saw talent in Baron Michele Leone in New York, brought him to the West Coast and developed him into a star wrestler. The Baron won the junior heavyweight and heavyweight championships. Both titles are recognized on the West Coast.

As television grew more popular on the Coast, promoters rushed to sell their wrestling shows for anything the television companies would give them. Neither the wrestlers nor the booking office shared in the profits—this system is still practiced in other parts of the nation.

Currently Doyle books wrestling for three major TV studios in Los Angeles, KTLA, KTTV, and KLAC-TV. Matches from the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium are kinescoped under the title "Wrestling from Hollywood," produced by Paramount Productions, and from the Hollywood Legion Stadium by Fairbanks Productions.

But there isn't too much leisure booking over three hundred of the world's greatest wrestlers annually. Naturally, with the lure of the national publicity derived from kinescope appearances, the television money and the Southern California climate, poor John is swamped with requests from wrestlers all over the world wanting to come to California. ue to these facts, he is able to give his promoters and fans the greatest talent in the world, and, what is equally important, the greatest turnover of wrestling talent.

It takes a lot of vision to build and direct such a big, successful business. But John modestly attributes much of this vision to—television.

Johnny Doyle, whose vision turned out to be television.



HOW WRESTLERS CAN TAKE IT

By Bob Jones

Wrestlers can't always stand extreme pain—on rare occasions they have been known to give up under pressure—but, for the most part, they are a tough, rugged, never-say-die breed.

Your good wrestler isn't subjected to severe punishment as often as an unskilled grappler would be. An experienced matman knows how to slip holds, ride with them and minimize their effects. But, there comes a time in every wrestler's life when he must either endure the most grueling punishment imaginable, or cry "Uncle."

The first principle of avoiding killing punishment in wrestling is relaxation. Grapplers could not take those spectacular falls and spills without serious injury if they were not as relaxed as a $2 Panama hat in a California rain.

Once a hold is applied, the real secret—if it is any secret—of a wrestler's ability to take it and keep going is his knowledge of how to work with holds instead of against them and how to slip them ever so slightly to lessen the leverage or divert it to a less disadvantageous point and direction.

Watch closely the next time you sit one out with the bone-benders. See how quickly the victim busies himself when caught in a hold, to shift his position a bit. Even after the shift, the hold probably still hurts, and still would break your arm or leg or whatever is involved at the moment. But Mr. Bull-neck is made of tougher stuff.

Consider the Arm Crush, or Come-On Hold, for example. You don't see it too often, for it is a tough one to nail on a man who knows his way around.

Phil Zimmerman applying the Arm Crush or "Come-On" hold on Pete Gentile



Even if the victim is not able to block or avoid it completely, the smart wrestler will never be so slow as to permit his arm to be anchored as shown in the accompanying picture. Note that the captured elbow is directly over the upper end of the aggressor's forearm, and that any pressure applied downward on the captured wrist tends to break the elbow backward. Now have a pal (one you can trust), try it on your arm—gently. Wow!

Now slide your arm backward a couple of inches so that the locking forearm is under your forearm a bit below your elbow, and tell friend pal to add pressure. See? You have to resist him, you feel some pain, but not too much. You have slipped the hold and your friend is getting more exercise than you are pain.

Or, take the popular Japanese Armlock, so much used by Jim Londos. As shown, with the upper arm straight out from the shoulder, it is the real McCoy, and you either go down fast or get a dislocated shoulder or worse. Again try this one with a friend, but as he closes for the grip, pull your elbow to your side and slightly forward and inward. Notice how the applied force becomes one of raising your elbow up and forward instead of twisting the upper arm backward in the shoulder socket—and how much more strength you have to resist the hold.

Of course, if a wrestler is unlucky enough to get himself seriously entangled in a potentially lethal hold, he can always resort to the secret weapon of the professional matman—just plain GUTS!

And wrestlers have plenty!!

Here Pete Gentile snags Phil Zimmerman with a punishing Japanese Arm Lock.



TURNING PRO IS TOUGH

Roy Shire, who has just done it successfully, tells why

As far back as I can remember wrestling has been my game, and as a youngster in knee pants I was able to beat all the boys my size—and some who were bigger than I.

When World War II came along, as a 17-year-old, nothing would do except for me to join the Navy. During my three years as a gob I won many wrestling bouts and gained a lot of confidence.

After my stretch in the Navy I spent a freshman year at University of Indiana, where the eligibility rule kept me off the varsity team; then transferred to Northwestern, where I was a member of the Wildcats' wrestlers for three years.

During these college years I eagerly watched all the professional wrestling bouts in and around Chicago and talked with many of the top hands in the game. The latter advised me how and when I should go about getting into professional wrestling.

"Get your diploma first," was the gist of their advice, "then go to see Al Haft in Columbus, Ohio."

So, as soon as possible after leaving Northwestern—some eight months ago—I turned up in Haft's office and the first one I met there was Talaber, then MWA junior heavyweight champion, who, like myself, was a graduate of Northwestern and a member of the varsity wrestling team for three years.

Talaber introduced me to Al Haft, who, right off the bat asked me three questions:

"Will you do as I tell you? Do you have plenty of intestinal fortitude? Do you wish to take up wrestling as your lifetime profession?"

My answer to all three was "Yes," and the next afternoon as I was donning my trunks and shoes in the gym above Haft's offices, he said:

"Remember, Roy, you're going to find professional wrestling a tough job; it will be like running four miles in a race instead of one."

A few minutes later I was to get a taste of what he meant. "Ruffy" Silverstein, one of the best wrestlers in the history of the University of Illinois, who has been called the "uncrowned" professional heavyweight champion of the world, was standing in the ring before me.

"I want you to teach this boy all the changeover holds, counters and tricks of the trade from collegiate to professional wrestling," Al was telling "Ruffy," and he wound up with the ominous admonition—"and don't handle him with kid gloves!"

Then, for two hours, with Haft directing, Silverstein subjected me to a terrific workout.

Back in the impresario's office after a shower, I found that "Ruffy" and Haft had been in a huddle, and this was their "Shire report" on the workout: "Shire can become a pro wrestler, but he must work out at least two hours a day under the direction of Silverstein, Talaber and John Pesek—and get in a full measure of weight lifting to boot."

Day after day for more than a month I labored through my paces with these fine instructors, Haft always on the sidelines with helpful advice and tips. Weight lifting also was a daily chore.

As a collegiate grappler I'd been content to go behind an opponent, especially if he were tough, to try for a decision. Now I must clamp on holds and counters, sometimes in mid-air, and master all the tricks of the trade. Also, I had to learn "showmanship" to a marked degree.

Finally one morning Haft said to me after a stiff two-hour morning workout:

"Roy, you're now in business; go home and sleep this afternoon. Tonight you'll have your first professional bout in Cincinnati. It's only a preliminary and you won't get much money—but you're liable to get a good walloping, for you're going against a tough old-timer."

I was extremely nervous in the ring that evening, for the first five minutes anyway, when I suddenly spied Al Haft and Silverstein in ringside seats. My nervousness left me, but the next 35 minutes seemed long and grueling as I tried for falls and battled to keep from being pinned.

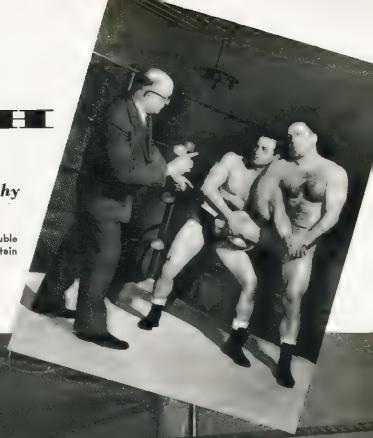
At last it was over and the old-timer was saying "Nice bout, young fellow." Then came the big surprise—to me. The referee raised an arm of each of us. It was a draw—and was I happy!

Back in the dressing room my two mentors said I had done well for a first bout, but pointed out some flaws and reminded me to be in the gym early next morning for a long workout.

Since then, thanks to advice and instruction from Silverstein and excellent guidance by Haft, I have made rapid strides in wrestling.

I hope to remain a professional wrestler for a long time, because—

WRESTLING IS MY GAME!



Al Haft tells Roy how to get out of a double wrist lock applied by veteran Ruffy Silverstein

The veteran wrestler and promoter, Haft, coaches Shire on escaping from Silverstein's tricky hold



OLD TIMERS on parade

Tom Jenkins was the John L. Sullivan of wrestling. He began his reign in 1890, and the late Jack Curley, who ruled supreme as the Czar of Wrestling for more than a generation, rated Jenkins the best wrestler of them all. And Curley knew more about the game than any man of his day and age.

"Tom Jenkins was an all around wrestler," Curley said a few years before his death. "He knew all the tricks of the trade, yet he was a 'fair' grappler. He performed around New York for many years, and was the best I ever saw."

Jenkins met all the notable wrestlers of his time, including Farmer Burns, Frank Gotch and George Hackenschmidt. And he held the title for 15 years, finally losing to Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion" in 1905.

But his clashes with Frank Gotch fired the public imagination. They met in their first match Feb. 22, 1903. Farmer Burns, whom Jenkins had defeated previously, carefully coached Gotch in the "method to beat Jenkins." The method was O.K., but although Gotch carried out Burns' instructions to the letter, Jenkins was too good and Frank was badly beaten in two straight falls.

A year later, however, Jan. 27, 1904, at Bellingham, Washington, Jenkins met Gotch and his Waterloo in one of the fiercest mat battles in the annals of the game. Frank won the first fall with a half nelson and crotch hold, the identical combination with which Jenkins had downed him for the first fall in their previous match. Tom immediately challenged for a rubber match. Gotch accepted and they agreed to meet in Cleveland, Jenkins' home city, with a Cleveland referee.

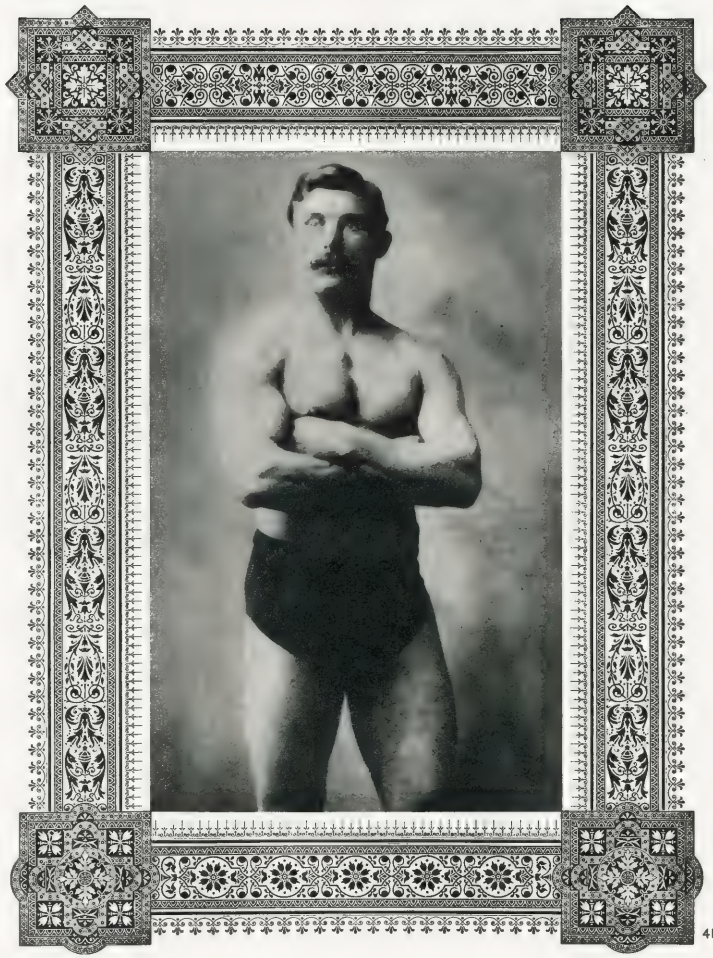
The match was held Feb. 1, 1905 and after a grueling battle Jenkins won the first fall in 28 minutes. But the terrific pace of the first bout took its toll of Jenkins' strength, and he fell victim to Gotch's onslaught in 48 seconds for the second fall. Tom returned somewhat refreshed for the third and deciding fall, but though he put up a game battle, Gotch downed him with a double body scissors in 11 minutes.

Still the "Rolling Mill Man," as Jenkins was popularly known to the fans, was confident he could regain the title and he hounded Gotch until Frank agreed to a best two-out-of-three match on a winner take all basis. This match was held in Madison Square Garden, New York, March 15, 1905, and Jenkins, after losing the first fall, won the next two and regained the championship.

Tom and Frank met twice after that, Jenkins again winning two out of three falls in Madison Square Garden on May 19, 1905 and Gotch triumphing in Kansas City in two out of three on May 23, 1906, but in the meantime Jenkins had lost to George Hackenschmidt.

After regaining his title from Gotch in the March 15 match, Jenkins learned that Hackenschmidt, on his way home from Australia, would soon be in the United States. So, as soon as Hack arrived in San Francisco, Tom issued a formal challenge. In the meantime Charles Cochrane of London, manager of Hackenschmidt, arrived in New York, and Harry Pollok, acting for Jenkins, prevailed on the Englishman to sign a contract for the Jenkins-Hackenschmidt match, to be held in Madison Square Garden May 4, 1905.

When, in due time, Hack reached New York, he pleaded with Pollok for a short postponement, but Harry refused to grant the plea and the "Russian Lion," becoming quite angry, roared that he'd "get even." Just how he got even was enacted before a packed house in the Garden. "The match was to have been two out of three falls," reported Nat Fleischer, "but Hack rose in his might and in two slambunctious bouts he crashed Tom Jenkins to the mat and flattened him in 31 minutes, 15 seconds, and 22 minutes, four seconds, respectively, thus winning the championship of the world."





CYCLONE FROM VENEZUELA

From his native land of Venezuela, south of the border, this talented grappler has swept across our American wrestling circuit with all the blast of his name of "Cyclone."

Christened Jesus Anaya, "Cyclone" began wrestling as a youngster, gradually picking up tricks and mat strategy from traveling carnival matmen who visited his home town. They taught him many of the tactics of pro wrestling and gave him a fine working knowledge of the sport as a career—a knowledge and background now standing him in good stead.

This junior heavyweight is an expert at jiu jitsu and his variation of the abdominal stretch, which he calls the "Cobra Twist," has brought many cries for mercy from his opponents and victories to him.

"Cyclone" is one of the sensational junior heavyweights seen on TV and he is rapidly building an enthusiastic following of fans who like his colorful style, clean tactics, and his "Cobra Twist" climax.

Matman Anaya is married to an extremely pretty wife who often travels with him on tour. Out of the wrestling ring, the "Cyclone" is a mild and unpretentious person, who belies the title "Cyclone." Just 30, he weighs 210 pounds and stands 5 feet 11 inches.

It is easy to understand why Hollywood has been after this handsome looking and finely built young grappler for parts in several movies. Offers which the popular young wrestler has repeatedly turned down in favor of his chosen career in the wrestling ring.

FROM THE FOXHOLE



By Wayne Griffin
ABC-TV Commentator



Wayne Griffin

You fans who like wrestlers and animals will find a double attraction in matman Al Williams, for he's a great chap for keeping four-legged pets of all kinds about his home. They not only include the usual collection of cats, dogs and squirrels but what's more, a very friendly and even tempered skunk.

●

You know, it's a fine thing that some wrestlers have hobbies to keep them relaxed while not in the ring. Some raise flowers, some raise dogs, and some go in for western movies. As a matter of fact if a promoter finds that the popular Verne Gagne is late for a match, he usually looks in the nearest movie theater that is featuring a western. Verne just can't resist a good "horse opera." I sort of like "Hoppy" myself.

●

The Swedish Angel almost gave up wrestling back in 1939, just after he had begun to hit his stride as a grappler. At that time he broke his right elbow so badly a doctor removed 13 pieces of bone and told him to forget the sport for good. After his elbow had healed sufficiently he began to exercise his hand and forearm muscles by squeezing a rubber ball. In six months his arm was again strong and he was back in the ring again as good as ever. It takes courage to be a wrestler after a smash like that.

●

Every trade has its tricks. Wrestlers have found that a wad of paper or a small rubber ball under the arm muscles really builds them up when having their pictures taken in "muscle poses." The ball or wad pushes the muscles out and gives an impression of greater bulk. Seems almost like gilding the lily to me. Me? I could use a basket ball!

●

One reason wrestling will never die is that there is always a new crop of matmen coming along. With all the wrestling in the "Y", boys' camps, recreation clubs, schools and colleges, and other youth organizations, there will be a never-ending supply of new faces and styles for as long as there are fans to watch. Right now there must be several youngsters fooling around on a back lot or gym mat who will one day make wrestling headlines. I hope I'll be right there in the old Fox Hole telling you fans all about them. Hand me my aircushion.

●

The other day, Lou Thesz was having some color photographs taken for the next cover of *Official Wrestling*, in the huge studio of photog Alan Fontaine, in New York. (Thesz, by the way, flew all the way up from New Orleans for the picture taking.) Well, as the staff of *Official Wrestling* was getting set to take the pictures, they noticed the three beautiful suits of early steel armor along one side of Alan's studio. Someone wondered why some new wrestler didn't bill himself as the "Shining Knight" or something like that and come clanking into the ring in a set of tin pants. That brought up the subject of new "characters" yet to be assumed by the matmen. There's the "business man" or "banker" in morning coat and corded vest; the "ghost", in his landlady's best sheet; the "hot rock pilot", in flying suit and oxygen mask; the "executioner" with mask and axe; "Satan" in red underwear and tail, and quite a few more. You're welcome fellows.

●

Now they are mixing mass hypnotism with wrestling. Lee Grable who is pretty clever at the eerie science, has put on some amazing exhibitions of the art at some of our larger arenas. Anyone who has taken a moment in the heat of an exciting match to look about him in the audience will maintain that any two well-matched grapplers on the mat can do a pretty fair job of hypnotizing too.

Sure we all like to boo and hiss the villain of a wrestling match, but please, fans, let's not throw things into the ring, or stick a wrestler with anything when he happens to land on the ring apron. I have known of incidents where ring-side fans have ground out the glowing butts of cigars on the flesh of a momentarily stunned grappler who landed outside the ring. Booing a "villain" is one thing, but burning him is another. The men in the ring give you a good show, let's give them a humane break from the audience. OK?

●

Carol Cook, the pretty and colorful lady to the left on our cover, being rescued by referee Jack Dempsey from Mae Weston's choke hold, recently took a healthy swing at a heckling Florida fan and connected. The fan, who had been razzing Miss Cook unmercifully for some time, was as bruised as he was amazed when it was over. He apologized.

●

We've heard of many Paul Bunyanesque feats on the part of wrestlers, but what happened to Big Ben Morgan tops them all. Big Ben, a huge 235-pound Hill William type of grappler, once blew out all the lights in a town with one sneeze!

It seems Big Ben was driving in the town of Framingham, Mass., when he had to sneeze.

"As I did, I lost control of the car and it crashed into an electric power pole," Morgan recalls. "That caused a short circuit and put the town's lighting system out of order for hours."

Gesundheidt!

●

Wrestling certainly isn't going to the dogs, but some of the wrestlers are—in a nice way, of course. For instance, Farmer Don Martin is the proud possessor of a pedigreed male Coon Hound. Johnny Barend has a St. Bernard that is almost big enough to throw him. National Wrestling Alliance Champion Lou Thesz has won many blue ribbons with his prize Doberman Pinscher. Hans Schnabel owns the only known white Chow.

Who, why, what, when, how?

1 ***What wrestler spent 600 days in actual combat and who's field artillery gun fired the first shot against Germans in North Africa?***

Joe Pazandak, one of the eleven men who stayed with the 34th Infantry Division all through the war.

2 ***Why was a powerful neck essential to a Greco-Roman wrestler?***

Because in the original style of Greco-Roman wrestling even a rolling fall, wherein the wrestlers' shoulders touched the mat for a moment only, lost the wrestler the match. Strong neck muscles would permit him to throw his head back and keep his shoulders from touching, by rolling on his arched head instead of his shoulders.

3 ***What two famous wrestling brothers represented Canada as crack oarsmen in the 1936 Olympics?***

The Sharp brothers of Hamilton, Ontario. Mike and Ben have set a record of 23 straight tag team victories.

4 ***What top wrestler once held both the AAU Boxing title and the AAU Wrestling title at the same time?***

"Wild Bill" Longson, the Salt Lake City Mormon grappler.

5 ***What Hungarian-born wrestler noted for his footwork can pick up a chair by grasping it with the toes of only one foot?***

Bert Ruby, the stocky matman from Detroit.

6 ***What famous pair of wrestlers are father and son?***

Cino Cantabili, and his son Leo. Cino started teaching Leo how to wrestle as soon as he was able to walk and now the six foot, one inch youngster of twenty can teach his father a few tricks.

7 ***Can you name the popular wrestler who saved his life during the recent war by swimming for 14 hours after escaping from the Japs?***

"Lord" Blears. He was captured by the Japs while a radio man on a Dutch vessel. He escaped while the other prisoners were being butchered and swam until picked up by a U. S. cruiser.

8 ***What popular matman is a former lawyer and member of the U. S. bar? This wrestler was a member of the U. S. Olympics Water Polo Team of a few years ago. Can you name him?***

Bobby Bruns, the protege of Jim Londos.

9 ***Bob "Believe it or not" Ripley featured the drop-kick of one of our top wrestlers as one of his "wonders". Whose?***

The grappler whose drop-kick was featured in the famous cartoon was Marvin Mercer.

10 ***One of the top girl wrestlers started out to become an interior decorator and gave it up for the wrestling game with her mother's whole-hearted approval. Which lady wrestler?***

Mildred Burke, the great woman champion.

The Golden Dozen


Mae Weston


Jane Byers


Dot Dotson


Millie Stafford


Theresa Theis


Vicki Page


Carol Cook


Adela Antone


Mars Bennett


Gloria Barattini


Mildred Burke


Neil Stewart

In our last issue we gave you the twelve stellar matmen selected as the reigning ring attractions of the month, based upon an impartial national survey with box-office popularity as the yardstick.

This month we present the distaff stars, chosen on the same basis—box-office appeal—though this dozen would qualify on *any* appeal!

The names of the Golden Dozen are listed alphabetically, not according to respective drawing power.

(Note—Full length photographs of the Golden Dozen—and other wrestlers—are now available. See notice on Page 47)

Adela Antone
Mildred Burke
Jane Byers
Mars Bennett
Gloria Barattini
Carol Cook
Dot Dotson
Vicki Page
Nell Stewart
Millie Stafford
Theresa Theis
Mae Weston

PICKING UP THE SLIPS . . . out of the mail bag

Likes the Ladies

Have just become acquainted with your fine publication, OFFICIAL WRESTLING, and herewith enclose my subscription. Of special concern to me is the subject of girl wrestlers on which I feel I am the world's best authority, having followed the sport since my good friend Mildred Burke had her first public match in my home town of Bethany, Mo. I know most of the other girls and also the Blonde Tigress, Clara Mortenson, who disputes Mildred's claim to the world title and Mexican champion Rita Martinez. I frequently hear from Dot Stanton, Christine Ray and Lorraine Johnson not to mention many in other countries.

There is no disputing the abilities of these young women in the ring. Because of their speed and skill, they outdraw all but the very best of men. However, this is not the most amazing thing about them. Outside the ring I have found, without exception, that they are cultured and charming and in every way compare quite favorably with any other class of girls, athletic or otherwise. Most of them are qualified for better than average positions in other fields, but wrestle because they like it. Truly they are the cream of the crop of women athletes.



Most of the girls are married and have children. My good friend Rita Martinez had me to dinner on my birthday a few weeks ago and her sixth grade daughter baked the cake. Rita also has a 14-year-old son and a three-year-old daughter. I am sure the enclosed snapshot of Rita and her family will be of interest.

Capt. Doyle G. Russell
67th Bomb Squadron
44th Bomb Wing
March Field, Calif.

•

High Praise

Have just finished reading your magazine, OFFICIAL WRESTLING. I enjoyed the publication very much and am sure the need for such a magazine has now been filled. Its editorial content should prove most interesting not alone to those connected with the sport of wrestling, but to all others who like to read about any of our American sports.

Please extend my wishes for success to Gene Tunney and the rest of the men associated with you in the publication of this fine new sports magazine.

Irwin Zeltner
Secretary to the
Dept. of Marine and Aviation
New York, N. Y.

•

How Mad Can You Get?

I am wondering how you can keep a wrestler by the name of Pulaski in the ring. He is the rottenest, dirtiest, sneakiest wrestler I have ever seen and I am not the only one—my friends feel the same way. We saw him at Fort Jay and he won only because he almost poked the other fellow's eye out. I think his name was Rinaldi. It's the last time I'll ever see that Pulaski wrestle. He is the kind that will make it bad for the wrestling profession.

Mary Bard
New York, N. Y.

P.S. I'm still so mad about that Pulaski that I'm changing my mind about ever seeing another wrestling match. That Pulaski! I'm not sure if the name is spelled right, so I'll describe him. He is bald and wears a goatee. Match him with Antonino Rocca.

P.S. #2. I think the name starts with a "W". I'm sorry, but I think the name is not Pulaski.

Our usually reliable spies report that Mary was right back at Fort Jay for the next matches. And the odds are 6, 2 and even she'll be back with all her friends the next time Pulaski, or Mr. W., or whatever his name is, has a bout there.

•

Wants Classes

I am a dyed in the wool wrestling fan and like many others would like to see one champion of the world in each of the various weight classes. Think if you would publish the names of the ten or twelve best wrestlers in the various weight classes each month it would do a great deal in determining a champion of the world in each class.

Donald E. Stewart
Kansas City, Kans.

•

The Real Villains

To me the villains aren't the officials, spectators or wrestlers. I have had the opportunity to meet some of the wrestlers away from the ring and have found them most gentlemanly. Socially, they are above reproach.

It is my opinion that the villains in the field of wrestling are the writers who are constantly trying to break down public opinion of wrestling. They write that it is all fake, that matches are fixed, rehearsed, etc. Why do they do it? Why can't they let us believe what we want to and enjoy the matches as we see them?

Statistics certainly prove that wrestling is on the upswing. More and more people are attending the matches and taking a real interest in them. So, I say such writers are just wasting their time and talent (?) trying to berate wrestling and the men who participate in this fine old sport.

Arlene Hill
Gasport, N. Y.

Of all the wrestlers I have seen, I think Edmund Francis represents the good, clean kind of wrestler that people would like to see. I went overboard for wrestling since I saw him.

Anna Marra
Brooklyn, N. Y.

•

Hates Togo

My favorite is Roy Shire, the Professor. I also like Ruffy Silverstein, Jackie Nichols, Frankie Talaber, Chris Belkas, Jim Lewis and Dutch Howlett. I definitely do not like The Great Togo! To me he seems utterly cruel and more like a monster than anything I know of! I hate unprovoked cruelty.

Josie Owen, 11
Woodstock, Ohio

Who doesn't? But it keeps The Great Togo in business.

•

Calling All Sportsmen

I am enclosing a membership card in the Wrestler's Sportsman's Club. We have two Congressmen, who are former wrestlers, on our rolls. The Club is made up of folks who have been or are connected with wrestling either as referee, wrestler, promoter, etc. We also give memberships to sports writers, radio announcers and others who do all they can to further the interests of wrestling.

We would like to have you run this notice. If anyone connected or having been connected with wrestling, such as referees, wrestlers, etc., will send me their addresses (to 36 East Court, Lyman Terrace, Holyoke, Mass.), I will gladly send them membership cards in the return mail.

No dues are requested for membership. Membership is for life. All one is required to do to become a member is to keep up his interest in conservation, hunting and fishing wherever he may be.

Just recently we enrolled Max Baer and Max Baer, Jr. into our club.

Thomas A. Mortimer, President
Wrestler's Sportsman's Club
Holyoke, Mass.

For further news of Max Baer, see the September issue of OFFICIAL WRESTLING.

Command Performances

Here are suggestions from fans for wrestling matches they would like to see:

Lou Thesz vs. Enrique Torres
Roger Macki vs. Don Eagle
Andre Drapp vs. Antonino Rocca
J. P. Lynch
Worcester, Mass.

Jackie Nichols vs. Don Eagle or Roy Shire
Mrs. E. Longley
Stroudsburg, Pa.

Steve Stanlee vs. Gorgeous George
Carl Fredricksen
Buffalo, N. Y.

Gene Stanlee vs. Adrien Baillargean
Miss M. Coady
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lord Carleton vs. Antonino Rocca (at Madison Square Garden)
Andrew McNelis
Bronx, N. Y.

Antonino Rocca vs. Don Eagle, Primo Carnera or Gene Stanlee
Mike Fralic
Huntington, W. Va.

Antonino Rocca vs. Adrien Baillargean
Anna Carbone
Hoboken, N. J.

Yukon Eric, The Great Moto or Wladek Kowalski vs. The Mighty Atlas
William Schwinkendorf
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Antonino Rocca vs. Don Eagle or Baron Leone
Suzanne Alderman
Oxnard, Calif.

Adrien Baillargean or Andre Drapp vs. Antonino Rocca
Adrien Baillargean vs. Gorgeous George

(I would dearly love to see the strut, California air and curl shaken out of the Gorgeous One—and Adrien is the lad who can do it.)

Phyllis Cooper
Richmond, Ind.

Antonino Rocca vs. Don Eagle
Primo Carnera vs. Antonino Rocca or Yukon Eric
Gene Stanlee vs. Buddy Rogers or Don Eagle
Lou Thesz vs. Yukon Eric
Steve Savardy
Canton, Ohio

Antonino Rocca vs. Ruffy Silverstein
Ted Meyer
New York, N. Y.

John Schweigert vs. Gene Stanlee
The Great Togo vs. Van Schatt
Don Eagle vs. Primo Carnera
Yukon Eric vs. Antonino Rocca or Gene Stanlee
Sandy Clair
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Favorites

My favorite is Antonino Rocca. He is one of the best today. I would like to see him more here in the East on television.

Maynard Draper
Thurmont, Md.

My favorite wrestler is Enrique Torres. He's clean, fast and looks like a future champion.

Don Smith
Phoenix, Ariz.

I have never seen a better wrestler in the ring than our own French-Canadian champion Ivan Robert, of Montreal.

Jerome Painchaud
Prince Rupert, B. C.

My favorite wrestler, whom I think is second to none, is Billy Darnell. He is an excellent wrestler and a colorful one.

Josephine Alfond
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Ed Francis

I like four wrestlers. They are:
1—Ruffy Silverstein, for his gameness.
2—Jackie Nichols, for his gameness.
3—Antonino Rocca, for his speed, footwork and physique.
4—Ed Francis, for his blond hair and handsome face (at least I'm honest).

Mrs. Sally Beitler
Wescosville, Pa.

My favorite is Don Eagle for many reasons. He is fast, colorful and is proficient with his feet. He has a thousand and one original ways of escaping and countering and is always looking for new holds and perfecting old ones. I could go on, but I'll stop.

Joy Preizer
Philadelphia, Pa.

Different types appeal to me. I like Gene Stanlee when he wrestles clean, Antonino Rocca, Ali Baba because of his histrionics. He is a good sport and very entertaining but we do not believe he is fair when he takes that final stance and plunks himself down on his opponent's stomach.

Wm. J. Nydam
Kearny, N. J.

New Fan

General MacArthur in his farewell address said, "Old Soldiers never die." That's how I feel about wrestling. It's one of the oldest arts in the world and becoming more popular every day through the medium of television and that up-and-coming magazine called OFFICIAL WRESTLING, which so appealingly gives the general public an insight into the lives of the wrestlers.

My husband and I, and many of our friends, through the medium of television, are new wrestling fans. I am not a reformer . . . but dirty wrestling in general does not appeal to me. It doesn't seem sportsmanlike, but I notice that straight scientific wrestling does not always appeal to the general public and realizing the tempo of the world in general and knowing that wrestlers know who they are going into the ring with, I pass that as part of the game.

I've been told that I have barbaric and moronic tendencies to follow wrestling as I've been doing. I've tried to explain that many wrestlers are intelligent, clever and fine men. Your magazine helped me in my ballyhoo tremendously.

Speaking of gentlemen of the ring, I feel the following names should be given recognition continuously: Rocca, Don Eagle, Gagne, Carnera, Baillargean, Cosenza, Marlin, Ray Thunder, Kudo and our own newcomer, Walter Waltze.

Watching lady wrestlers has been interesting, but not appealing.

Julia Rosen
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Likes Wee Ones

I have just read your third issue and think it very good. I like wrestling very much and think your page From the Foxhole is very good. I would like to see pictures and stories on the midget wrestlers. In your June copy I enjoyed the article on Don Eagle. I enjoy the front covers. Please tell me how I can get pictures of wrestlers.

Otis Cates, Jr.
Romulus, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHS

So many of our readers have written us requesting photographs of their favorite wrestlers, that we are opening a new department to accommodate these requests.

We are now prepared to furnish at 50 cents each full 8" x 10" glossy prints suitable for framing, from a list of nearly 3000 male wrestlers, as well as nearly all the women wrestlers. Also, our "Golden Dozen" groups. Write

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WHAT'S AHEAD FOR NEXT MONTH

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The amazing story of one of the greatest heavyweight boxing champions of all time, who always has been a wrestler at heart. Learn why the colorful Livermore Larruper finally is following his destiny by becoming a matman. Read about the sensational match that has been signed for his mat debut. See what Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Antonino Rocca, George Bothner and other sports authorities have to say about his prospects.

THE 400—AS WELL AS THE 40,000,000—ENJOY IT

The Colonel's Lady and Judie O'Grady are sisters under the skin—and so are their sisters and their cousins and their uncles and their aunts—when it comes to wrestling. Get acquainted with your prominent fellow enthusiasts, including movie actors, an eminent judge who recessed an important murder trial so he could meet a wrestler, the camera-shy musical genius who willingly posed with Primo Carnera and many others.

AND

A BEAUTIFUL COLOR COVER OF MAX BAER, THE ROOKIE GOLDEN DOZEN, OLD TIMERS ON PARADE, STARS OF TODAY AND OTHER MAT PERSONALITIES, ACTION PHOTOS, WRESTLING QUIZ, FAN LETTERS AND MANY MORE INTERESTING AND EXCITING FEATURES.

●

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★ "The Defense* Bonds I bought through Payroll Savings in '41 helped me to buy my new home!" says ***G. F. Nelson,*** manufacturing technologist at Shell Oil Company. Congratulating Mr. Nelson is Shell Vice President and former Air Force General ***"Jimmy" Doolittle,*** who adds, "At Shell we believe in Payroll Savings—it's a patriotic and *practical* way to do a job for defense!"



★ "The Savings Bonds I'm buying now for America's defense will add almost $100 a month to my company pension when I retire," SP Engineer ***Frank Bacher*** tells his old friend, ***A. T. Mercier,*** President of the Southern Pacific Railroad. "They're an extra step toward independence in which the railroad helped me by encouraging me to join the Payroll Savings Plan."



★ ***Mrs. Eleanor Minkwic,*** drill press operator of Burroughs Adding Machine Company, introduces her Army veteran son Vernon, to her boss, Burroughs President ***John S. Coleman.*** "In 1942 I began buying Bonds through Payroll Savings at Burroughs," says Mrs. Minkwic. "Today they're helping Vernon's G.I. allowance to see him through college!"

TEAM UP WITH THESE TYPICAL AMERICANS IN THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN!



★ ***Pasquale Santella,*** millwright at United States Steel Company's Carrie Furnaces of the Homestead District Works, has a very personal reason for buying Savings Bonds. As he told ***C. F. Hood,*** United States Steel Company executive vice president, "My son Tony, 19, is missing in Korea. Used to be I bought bonds because it was my duty and it was a good way to save money. Now I want to help lick the Reds and get Tony back. I buy one bond every payday and when Uncle Sam needs more money, I'll buy *more* bonds." He has bought bonds regularly since 1943; has never cashed one.

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